

Roll with It

by Purplerose128

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Summary: Wheelchair AU. When taking his sister to the bookstore, Jack runs into and makes a fool out of himself in front of a boy who instantly grabs his attention. Jack makes an effort to make up for crashing into Hiccup and finds a friend in the boy in a wheelchair. But will it turn into anything more?

1. Chapter 1

****Hello, readers~! ****

****So, if you follow me on my tumblr account (Purplerose128) you may or may not have seen this before. I got this idea awhile back, when the blind!AU was going around a lot and I never really did too much with it. But I wanted to put it on my fanfiction sites anyway so people know it actually exists.****

****I want to continue this story and I hope to at some point in the future, but I have no clue when I'll do that because I have some other projects I really want to get to now that school's winding down. So... here's my wheelchair!AU. Hope you like it. ****

*** * ***

><p>Jack had never been much of a person for making plans and sticking to them. He'd always thought that going with whatever was tossed his way would be more fun in the end; that the journey was more important than his destination. He believed that living by a constant schedule only turns a person into a machine inside and that a disruption of the everyday would be all the more disastrous. The high school senior lived in the moment, making plans only when they were vague or necessary. So, when Emma came into his bedroom one weekend asking him to take her to buy a book, he wasn't exactly surprised.<p>

"Please, Jack?" She begged "I pre-ordered it and everything!" Big

brown eyes pleaded for her desires to be met, the bangs above the orbs doing little to subdue the effect that they had on him. Sure, Emma may have been in middle school, but she wasn't yet beyond making faces to melt her brother into submission. After all, it always worked.

The older sighed "You're buying, right?" Emma nodded impatiently, making him chuckle "Okay, I'll take you after lunch. That sound good?"

Emma squeaked happily and ran to her brother, collapsing on top of him in his bean bag chair and hugging him "Thank you, thank you!" She looked up at him "I ever tell you you're a good brother before?"

Jack smirked "Maybe once or twice."

So, after Emma practically inhaled the sandwiches that North had made for them and prodding Jack to do the same, the siblings piled into Jack's car and made the short journey to Emma's favorite book store.

It was a decent sized shop, the size of a house. In fact, it was a house. The story is an old man who used to live in the house requested in his will that his massive collection of books be shared with the public. He must have been really keen on having kids read and have places to escape into worlds beyond their imaginations to ask something like that. Now it was run by the man's daughter, who decided to turn her father's old dwelling into a place where these escapes could be made and found. The place was called Big Root, after what the guy used to affectionately call the house in life. Jack always admired the symbolism behind the establishment and assumed that it was one of the reasons that Emma loved the place too.

Emma ran ahead of her brother as they ascended the small slope up to the front entrance and stepped inside. She directed her gaze to the checkout counter and sighed when she noticed a good-sized line awaiting her "I should have expected thatâ€¦" Her brown eyes met Jack's blue ones "You don't mind waiting, do you?"

"You kidding?" Jack chuckled "You already dragged me out here; we might as well get what we came here for."

She started inching towards the line, her gaze never leaving her brother "You sure?"

"Yeah." He confirmed "I'll just look around while you're waiting. Come find me when you're done, 'kay?"

After a confirming nod from his sister, Jack strode down the rows of bookshelves that lined the space. Though, he did so trying to avoid the owls that adorned perches on the walls and beams. Jack was convinced that, even though they were stuffed, those owls were always watching him. It creeped him out, really. Who would keep so many taxidermy birds sitting around? Who would even have this many taxidermy owls to begin with?!

Getting the birds out of his mind, Jack went back to the task of finding something to entertain him for awhile. He read the plaques on the sides of the shelves, trying to find a genre that would keep him

busy. _Non-fiction, horror, biographyâ€| _He muttered in his head as he passed row after row. _Come on, where's the fantasy? Or even a sci-fi section? _

He continued walking as he scanned over the plaques again, making sure he didn't miss any in the process. _They must be farther back or something-_

Jack's thoughts were pulled to a halt when something hard and cold suddenly met his leg and threw him off balance. He caught himself on the shelf next to him and growled "Hey, watch where you're going."

"Maybe you should do the same, then." An equally irritated voice answered.

Jack turned to see who had walked into him and his eyes widened. He looked down to see a head of auburn hair, freckled skin, and green eyes behind a set of glasses. But it wasn't exactly the cute braid on the side of his head or the way his freckles dotted his face that surprised Jackâ€| but the wheelchair that the boy was seated in. Thin legs supported a thick stack of books and his arms were hovering inches from the wheels, like he was going to keep moving any second.

A confused expression came onto the boy's face, thin lips opening slightly and eyebrows scrunching together in thought. And that was when Jack realized that he was staring. Without much else to say, he muttered a simple "Sorryâ€|"

The other boy sighed and rolled his eyes "Great; here comes the pity party, right?"

Jack blinked "Huh?"

"You feel bad because you yelled at a kid in a wheelchair, right?" The freckled boy questioned.

"Nâ€| noâ€|"

Another eye roll "Sure." He pivoted and went off in the other direction, leaving Jack to just stare some more as he rolled between some shelves and out of his sight.

_Well now I feel like a dickâ€| great first impression, Jack. _He sighed. Not much he could do about that now, huh?

* * *

><p>Jack finally found the fantasy section and spent about ten minutes scanning the titles and admiring the dragons and other creatures on the covers. Right behind it, he did the same with the sci-fi books. He even went into the romance section and laughed at the titles and cover photos to pass the time. Then, he made the mistake of wandering into the children's section and spending who-knows-how-long flipping through picture books and re-reading things that brought him nostalgia. When he finally looked at his watch, he decided that he must have been waiting long enough and went to look for Emma. Maybe she got distracted by another title or something on her way to get him.<p>

Jack was sadly mistaken. He found his sister farther up in the line but still a good four or five people from the front. He sighed and looked around again. What was he gonna do now? He'd skimmed every section of books that interested him in the slightest and he really didn't want to just sit in the car until Emma was done. Spotting a little sign that read "CafÃ©," he decided that he might as well get a coffee or something while he was there.

The white-haired teen meandered in the direction the sign was pointing to and came across a small, rustic-looking version of Starbucks. At least, that's what he thought it looked like. Jack looked over the menu as he walked up to the counter.

The barista looked at him with big green eyes peeking through long platinum blond bangs. He gave Jack a shy smile and said in almost a whisper "Can I help you?" Nimble hands played with the edges of an apron that covered his tall, skinny frame. He was almost as pale as Jack was too. Counting out the obvious dislike of using his voice, the boy and Jack seemed to share a lot of physical qualities.

"Ice mocha?" Jack ordered "Small."

The boy behind the counter nodded and got to work making his drink. In the meantime, Jack glanced about the cafÃ© and his eyes landed on a familiar sight. There was that kid again, the one in the wheelchair. He was at a table with a girl who had long blonde hair pulled into a braid with messy side bangs. She sipped her coffee as he told her about something, clearly trying not to laugh in the process, and she smiled as he told his tale. He flailed his hands in some kind of dramatic fashion, like he had been the whole time Jack was watching, and he and his friendâ€| or maybe girlfriendâ€| both burst into a fit of giggles.

A tap to his shoulder made Jack turn around to find his coffee prepared. He paid and found a table near the pair he'd been watching. He glanced their way every now and then, looking a little longer every time the boy's green eyes light up and his lips twisted into a smile. Jack wasn't sure why, but the longer he watched the brunet the cuter he thought the guy was.

For awhile, his random bits of staring seemed to go unnoticed by the two. That is, until the blonde looked his way, smirked and nudged her friend's shoulder, cocking her head in Jack's direction. He looked Jack's way and, since he was caught, Jack gave a smile. To which, the other rolled his eyes and gave a lazy wave.

Jack looked away after that, feeling his face turn a shade of pink that he just knew was noticeable. He heard some hushed bickering between the two, but all Jack could make out from the quiet, hasty discussion was the girl hissing "Go talk to him" and her company growling "Alright."

Wheels slid across the hardwood floor with a slight squeak until they stopped in front of Jack's table "Hey." A weak voice called. Jack looked up and saw that the brunet seemed nervous for some reason. His eyes darted around Jack, doing almost anything to avoid looking right at the guy who was just shamelessly staring at him.

"Hey." Jack replied "Look, sorry aboutâ€| before. I'll admit I was a

bit of an ass."

Green eyes rolled behind their frames "Yeah, you kinda were." He chuckled "That doesn't mean I wasn't either."

Jack shrugged "That's also true."

The brunet let a small smile slip "I'm Hiccup."

A salt and pepper eyebrow rose "Hiccup?"

The freckled boy shrugged "Yeah. Dumb nickname, I know."

"Maybeâ€|" Jack remarked "But it's not the dumbest one I've heard."

Hiccup gave a quizzical look "Really?"

"Trust me." The white-haired boy continued "My friend Aster is just about the toughest guy I've ever met. What do we call him?" He paused, waiting for an answer. Hiccup shrugged "Bunny."

Hiccup tried to hold back a laugh "Why 'Bunny?'"

"His last name's Bunnymund." Jack stated. The other boy sputtered in response, a crooked smile forming on his face "That's not even the best one."

"Somehow I believe that." The other remarked.

After a short silence, Jack reclined in his seat "So, what's up Hiccup?"

"My friend Astrid made me come over here." He said louder than he had to. He looked over his shoulder and he and the blonde exchanged a look before turning back to Jack.

"Why?"

"Her exact words were 'Go talk to the hot guy staring at you.'"

Jack leaned a little closer "Oh, really?"

"Yep." The brunet grunted as he wheeled himself closer to the table and rested his elbows on the surface.

"And how accurate do you think she was?"

Hiccup shrugged "I guess she wasn't entirely wrong." He smirked and Jack did the same.

Another silence ensued between the two, just smiling and trying to think of what to say next. Then, a familiar song sounded _Ahrk fin Kel lost prodah, do ved viing ko fin krah, _Jack's eyes widened as Hiccup took his cell phone out of his pocket _Tol fod zeymah win kein meyz fundein! _ Oh God, Hiccup's ringtone!

He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose before picking it up "Hello? Oh, hey Dad." There was a pause and he nodded "Okay, we'll be right out." He hung up and turned to his friend "Astrid, our ride's

here." She nodded and started collecting their things. Hiccup turned back to Jack "I gotta get going."

"Your dad just drops you off here?"

"Yeah." Hiccup sighed "His van's the only car that I can get into without getting out of my chair. It's just easier for everyone if I come here while he's running errands or something."

"And Astridâ€|?" Jack questioned.

"I'm his service dog until he gets one." The blonde explained as she stepped behind Hiccup "Whatever he can't do, I do for him."

"That just makes me sound helpless." The brunet complained.

"It's the truth." Astrid countered "Come on," she playfully shoved his shoulder "don't wanna keep your dad waiting."

"Right." Hiccup backed up and pivoted to leave "I'm actually kinda glad you rammed into me." He chuckled at Jack.

"Me too." The white-haired boy replied "So, uhâ€| can I get your numberâ€|?"

Hiccup blinked "Uhâ€|"

"Sure!" Astrid interrupted. She sifted through her bag and took out a green marker, clearly the first writing utensil she could grab, and rolled up the sleeve on Jack's hoodie. She quickly scribbled down a number "Text him whenever; he literally doesn't talk to anyone except me."

"Hey!" Hiccup moaned "I have other friends." She turned to him and crossed her arms "You justâ€| haven't metâ€| any of themâ€|" He slowly got quieter as he talked and then gave a guilty smile.

"Yeah, okay." She giggled, starting to walk away "Come on, before your dad has a heart attack or something."

Hiccup chuckled "Right." He started to follow her and looked over his shoulder at Jack "So uhâ€| we'll talk later?"

"Yeah."

He smiled as the other boy rolled away, muttering to his companion "Did you really have to write it on his arm for me? I can hold a pen." She gave some sarcastic remark that became inaudible as they left the cafÃ© area. Jack looked down at the green ink on his arm and carefully rolled his sleeve back down. There was no way Emma would leave the fact that he actually got a guy's number alone if she knew about it. He held back a laugh just thinking about his sister pestering him for details.

Well, he mused _now I really like this place._

2. Chapter 2

Hiccup rolled down the hallway of his house, into the kitchen, and

found his father standing at the counter, leaning on it as he talked to someone on the phone. It seemed like the gigantic man hadn't noticed his son had come into the room, so he quietly moved over to the fridge and opened it, looking for an apple or something else to snack on while he listened in.

"Yes, he's been in his wheelchair for nine years now." He heard Stoick explaining, probably to another doctor or something. The man's had this weird obsession with getting his nerve-damaged son back to the point where he could walk again ever since the accident "He's relatively independent but, of course, there's some things he just can't do on his own. Right now, he has to be with someone whenever he goes anywhere." He paused. Hiccup could make out a female voice on the other line, but that was about all he could gather "Yes, I think this would be very helpful for him."

Hiccup closed the fridge door and started to pick grapes off of the small bunch he took out. Stoick must have heard that because he turned around "What's up, Dad?" The brunet casually asked.

"Hold on one moment." He pulled the phone away from his face "It's the place matching you with a service dog; they wanted to learn a few things about you before they narrow it down."

"Oh cool." Hiccup threw a grape up in the air and caught it in his mouth "I bet Astrid'll be thrilled when I get one; she'll actually have a life away from me."

"She's still your friend, Henrik." Stoick commented.

Hiccup chuckled before he tossed another grape into his mouth and left his father to his phone call "I know, Dad." He started to go on his way, but hovered in the doorway for a little while. The freckled teen just couldn't pass up hearing what his father was saying about him to the person on the other line.

"Yes, this dog will be his first. He's actually pretty fast on those wheels of his, so he'll need something that'll be able to keep up with him. Hold onâ€¦| Henrik, I know you're listening, so you might as well help me."

Hiccup pivoted back to face his father "What? I couldn't pass it up."

The large man shook his head, almost forcing a smile onto his face "You just need the dog for getting you things and opening doors, right?"

"And basically anything else I can't reach." The teen added.

"Right."

After that, Hiccup excused himself to the den and he turned on the TV and his Xbox, placing the controller and headset in his lap as he backed into his spot next to the couch "Netflix or Skyrim, Netflix or Skyrimâ€¦|" He debated until he was parked "Hmmâ€¦| I do still need to slay that dragonâ€¦| but Merlin's been calling my name for weeksâ€¦|" he groaned as he picked up the controller and slipped on his headset "Skyrim winsâ€¦| againâ€¦|"

He started up the game and his Argonian Assassin spawned in Windhelm.

"Oh, rightâ€¦" Hiccup muttered "I forgot I was here." He and Astrid were teaming up to get to Shearpoint and slay the dragon there, last time he played the game. But just as they were ready to set out she had to log off, which she later explained as her mom needing her help with something. Hopefully, the blonde would come online today so that they can finish what they started.

As if on cue, a familiar Orc Warrior came running into Hiccup's line of sight, wielding her trusty battle axes, and stopped close to his avatar.

"You ready to do this thing, Hiccup?" She asked anxiously.

"I've been ready, Astrid. I was just waiting on you." The brunet snarked back. He started directing his avatar towards the mountains, Astrid's close behind him.

"Well pardon me, your highness," Astrid remarked "but I had a Springer Spaniel that needed some exercise before we went of this excursion."

Hiccup rolled his eyes "Playing Frisbee with Stormfly in the park again?"

"Yes, actually." She affirmed "We have a competition next weekend, might I remind you. She needs to stay sharp if we're gonna win."

"Oh, speaking of dogs, I almost forgot to tell you. We're a little closer to getting me a service dog over here."

"Is that so?" Oh, Hiccup could practically see his best friend's smirk in front of him "Tossing me to the curb, dragon boy? I'm not good enough for you?"

"Eh, I can't say I really like my current assistance animal. She's a little moody for me."

"Oh, ha ha. Laugh it up." She drawled "You're just lucky we're not in the same room right now."

The freckled teen chuckled "You wouldn't hit a guy with glasses, would you?"

"Yes, I would."

Hiccup pretended to be hurt "Ouch, Astrid. Making fun of my bad eyes? That's low."

"I could have gone lower and you know it." She pointed out.

"Yeah, yeah, let's just kill this thing already."

"We have to get there first, you know."

So, the pair spent the next hour or so working their way up to their

destination. And they did so with only small amounts of goofing off in between. Really, it was a record for the two of them when they didn't procrastinate whatever mission they were on or just somehow stopped playing the game in favor of talking. They sure enjoyed those moments, but their avatars would most likely say differently. I mean, anyone would be angry if they were in the middle of a frozen wasteland and were physically unable to move.

But, finally, the two teens managed to find their prize, Krosis the dragon priest was all theirs for the taking and nothing was going to get in their way this time.

"Remember the plan, Astrid?" Hiccup confirmed.

The blonde scoffed "You only went over it a thousand times. Let's just do this already."

"Right, right."

And so the battle began with Hiccup trying to be stealthy with his bow and arrows until Astrid complained that this was getting them nowhere. Deciding to take matters into her own hands out of boredom (because man, does she hate stealth attacks), she ran straight at the newly-landed dragon with her axes ready to attack. The two strikes that she landed certainly did a lot of damage, thanks to the blonde's obsession with increasing her enchanted skills. But that method was short-lived when the giant reptile took notice of her and killed her without much effort put in. Apparently, like Astrid, he knew that powerful attacks were the only ones worth performing.

So, until Astrid's Orc could respawn, Hiccup was left alone with the flying beast, which had gone back to the skies upon killing his companion. He decided to try a new approach, switching out his bow for a set of daggers. And, thanks to his high alchemy skills, the daggers were poisoned. He crept out of his little hiding place amongst the snow, ice, and rock and out into the open. All that the dragon needed to do was land again and he could get a better aim. Gods, he hated wasting weapons!

Astrid's Orc finally rejoined the fight with some of its armor changed into a set that was lighter "Told you that plan wasn't gonna work."

"Maybe if you didn't go running out to attack it, it would have."

"Hiccup, we'd be here all day if all we did was shoot arrows at it."

"Okay, okay, I get it. More direct; I know."

And, eventually, the two did manage to kill the beast. Hiccup's poisoned daggers did more damage than he anticipated and, once Astrid added a bit more tact to her "just kill it already" attitude, his partner was a great help bringing down their prey's health.

Krosis fell and the two of them each let out a victory cry.

"Yeah-hah~!" Astrid cheered "That world's all ours now,

baby!"

"About time we killed him, right? I even leveled up." The brunet bragged.

"Can you just be happy without looking at how strong your character is for two minutes? We can get a new power now."

"Way to ruin my fun, Astrid." Hiccup commented.

"It's what I do; you know that by now."

The duo's playful argument was interrupted by the sudden roar of a dragon. And it seemed like his best friend didn't hear it herself. Hiccup was confused for a moment, having just killed the dragon he and Astrid just spent forever tracking down, then smirked when he realized that it was his text tone and slipped his cell phone out of his pocket. An unknown number flashed on the screen, along with the usual _One New Message_ signal below it. Hiccup opened the text message and read it.

Hey there, Hiccup. It's Jack, the guy your friend wrote your number on in markerâ€¦ (I just realized I seriously forgot to tell you my nameâ€¦)

The brunet chuckled at the message. Right, he almost forgot about the guy Astrid practically pushed him in front of at the bookstore last week.

He quickly typed back _Oh, so you do have a name. :P _

"Hey what happened to the happy, Hiccup?" Astrid questioned.

"Sorry, I just got a text." He explained.

"Who from?" She continued "Your dad? Fishlegs?"

"No and no." He pushed his glasses back up the bridge of his nose "Remember that guy at the bookstore last week?"

"He texted you back?!" She gasped "That's great!"

"Yeah," Hiccup agreed "his name's Jack."

The dragon roared again as Astrid asked "Well, what's he saying?"

Hiccup looked back at his phone _Yes, yes I do. :P So, uh, I was wondering when you'd be at the bookstore again? Maybe we can meet up and hang out a bit._

"He says he wants to know when I'll be at Big Root again." The freckled teen summarized "He wants to hang out."

"You're kidding, right?" The blonde scoffed "How is that place good for a date?"

Blush crawled up Hiccup's neck and into his cheeks "Who said it was a date?!"

"Well, your flustered voice," She numbered off "the fact that he was totally flirting with you last week, and the fact that I know you were checking him out just as much as he was you."

"I was not!" He defended.

"Hic, you were staring at him when you rammed into him." Astrid stated "I saw the whole thing; you can't lie to me."

Hiccup groaned "Fine. I thought he was attractive and forgot what I was doing. Okay? You satisfied now?"

"A little, yeah." She admitted "But, seriously, Big Root? It's not a very romantic place."

The brunet shook his head "Maybe he just wants to know me a little better first."

She was quiet for a minute before she replied "True."

"So, when do you think we can go again?"

"Excuse me?" She seemed to be caught off guard.

"You know how my dad is." Hiccup complained "I can't go anywhere by myself until we get that service dog. And I can't exactly ask him to hang around while I'm maybe on a date with someone he doesn't know."

"So you want me there?" She asked in confirmation.

"Yeah, well," He bit his bottom lip "I was thinking we could say we wanted to hang out there again and you could uh go wander around or check out other stores near the place while we talked?"

"Hmm," Astrid pondered it for a moment "I guess that could work."

"You're the best, Astrid!"

"I know." She bragged "How about next weekend? Maybe Saturday afternoon?"

"I think that'll work." Hiccup confirmed "I'll tell Jack."

He sent a message with those details and quickly got the response _Sounds good to me. See you then, Hiccup. :) _

"He said that works for him." Hiccup repeated.

"Great." The blonde stated "You, my friend, might have a date next week."

"Yeah"

End
file.